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Another Banner Year

It's an old story in a dynamic community like Torrance. Every year is a banner year.

The year just ended was no exception for this community—it has been a banner year.

Through the years Torrance has set records in school growth, home construction, and commercial and industrial development.

During 1966, Torrance fell short only in the home construction field, and here it was following a national pattern. Torrance built nearly 850 dwelling units in 1965, may not hit 300 in 1966.

It has more than made up for this slowdown in other fields, however.

High on the list of accomplishments was the start of the Del Amo Financial Center by Gulfport Glass and Great Lakes Properties. The first phase of construction is well under way and a new city landmark is in the making at Carson Street and Hawthorne Boulevard.

Across the street, the Bullock's Fashion Square opened and its addition to the city's major commercial strength is certain to bring great and long range benefits.

Much of the development fever generated here during 1966 was the result of industrial growth. Lomita Boulevard property took on new interest as Douglas Aircraft took over the vacated Ryan plant, Tri-air announced plans for a new plant; and a new plant for Hughes was announced.

A new medical complex is nearing completion near Lomita Boulevard and Hawthorne, and the recently merged Torrance Memorial Hospital and Riviera Community Hospital have purchased 10 acres nearby as a possible building site for a 250-bed hospital.

Reynolds Metals completed construction of its aluminum can line and at mid-year began delivering a seamless, all-aluminum can for a major brewery's draft beer.

U. S. Steel announced major expansion plans for its Torrance Works. Mobil is nearing completion on its \$80 million hydrogen cracking plant, and AResearch has opened discussions with the Torrance Unified School District for land adjacent to its 190th Street site for future expansion.

Sandwiched in during the year was a municipal election at which the mayor and three councilmen were re-elected and the use of topless waitresses in the city was prohibited by a city charter amendment.

And there was work throughout the year on the Meadow Park Urban Renewal program which has now received federal approval for more than \$3 million.

The city has voted to establish its own municipal library system, ending a long contractual relation with the Los Angeles County system.

Torrance voters helped select two new state senators and three assemblymen, and now have an assemblyman who is a resident of the city.

Torrance voters also approved a new \$9 million bond issue for new school construction, approving it on the third attempt. And they rejected an attempt to strip the electorate of its privilege of electing its mayor.

Add to these the plans for an occupational skills center to be run jointly by Torrance and neighboring school districts; a new fire station near Del Amo and Hawthorne, the enlargement of the Torrance police station, the opening of the new Torrance Family YMCA building, the erection of a new transmitting tower for KNX, and literally hundreds of other major projects... that's the kind of year we had in 1966.

Opinions of Others

Since our government demands such a strict accounting of every penny handled by every citizen for taxing purposes, those taxpayers, by the same right, should be entitled to a strict accounting of how all those tax dollars are being spent.—Public Affairs Forum.

When you are young you do a lot of wishful thinking. When you are old you do a lot of thoughtful wishing.—Ralph Nicholson in the Brundidge (Ala.) Banner.

We always like these off-year elections. No matter how they turn out, both parties can always find something in them to be pleased about.—Richard Mayer Jr., in the North Vernon (Ind.) Sun.

One nice thing about putting words on paper, you don't have to remember what you said... they stare at you when you goof.—Bob Percy, in the Danville (Ind.) Gazette.

Taxation is a lot like sheep shearing. As long as you shear a sheep it will continue to produce a new crop. But you can skin the animal only once.—Clarin D. Ashby, in the Utah Basin (Utah) Standard.

Except for bills and taxes tomorrow could be forgotten.—Duane C. Griggs, in the New London (Iowa) Journal.

Curiosity is looking over other people's affairs and overlooking your own.—Clarin D. Ashby, in the Utah Basin (Utah) Standard.

You're an old timer if you remember when a kid raised the roof, he usually got the shingle.—John Maserick, in the Cherryville (Kans.) Republican.

There still is much that needs to be done to give our people price relief... That major something is to curb inflation that forces prices up without giving better value. And the primary cause of inflation is the "something-for-nothing" federal government spending in excess of tax income.—Huntsville (Ala.) News.



U. C. Scientists Seeking to Solve Continental Jigsaw

In Brazil, scientists are studying with colleagues from the University of California to determine if all Southern Hemisphere continents were once joined in one "supercontinent."

This idea was based originally on the notion that if you pushed South America and Africa together their coast lines would fit like a jigsaw puzzle.

Supporters of this continental drift hypothesis, as it is called, believe that long ago a huge continent which they call Gondwanaland, split and its pieces "drifted" to their present locations.

Much of the scientific work in testing the hypothesis is centered in a new research institution, the Geochronology Laboratory of the University of San Francisco, established in cooperation with the University of California.

Dr. John Reynolds, professor of physics on the Berkeley campus, tells how the lab began:

The departments of physics and geology at Berkeley were among the first to date rocks by the potassium-argon method. This uses the radioactive decay of potassium, which leads to accumulation of argon 40 in rocks and minerals, to determine how old the formations are.

In 1963, Reynolds considered setting up a laboratory for potassium-argon dating in South America.

The nose of South America fits below the shoulder of Africa's Ivory Coast, and North America roughly matches up with Europe, and Australia, New Zealand.

These currents boiled up through the mantle—the layer of earth directly beneath the crust—causing it to behave like oatmeal heaving in a pot.

First, if the continents have always been where they are now, they should be the same age as the ocean basins. Rock specimens, however, have established that the continents are 30 times older than the basins.

Second, dozens of island chains such as the Hawaiian Islands extend in a line at right angles to the mid-ocean ridges, just as though

they had drifted off after being formed.

Third, studies of the magnetic properties of ancient rocks indicate that the Atlantic was half its present width some 100 million years ago and that the North Pole was once in Southern California.

Fourth, many similar plant and animal fossils have been unearthed on opposite sides of the Atlantic.

Fifth, there is evidence that the continents are still drifting. Magnetic studies by three Australian scientists indicate their continent is moving eastward at the rate of two inches a year.

"I think that it is quite safe to predict," says Reynolds, "that in a couple of years we will begin to get an answer to this old and very crucial question of continental drift."

William Hogan

West Berlin Writer Has Keen Sense for History

Gunter Grass ("The Tin Drum" etc.) receives the lion's share of attention in this country (and in his own, for that matter) as the most dazzling literary innovator of West Germany.

There is also Uwe Johnson, the young West Berliner whose first novel, "Speculations About Jakob," and another, not yet published in the United States, "The Third Book About Achim," won him an International Publishers Prize a few seasons ago.

There is a good deal of topical political material in Johnson's fiction—for example, as he deals with the Kafka-like nature of telephone communication between East and West Germany.

HERB CAEN SAYS:

Quiet Please; Our Expert Iconoclast Has the Floor

Small observations guaranteed to shake you up a little: Your psychiatrist's hands tremble every time he opens a fortune cookie.

The man in charge of the hair-restoring salon is bald. Your banker opens his glasses case and a copy of the Daily Racing Form falls out.

Just after you've congratulated the owner of the French restaurant on his authentic Provencal cuisine, the kitchen door swings open—and you see that the chef is Filipino.

You finally meet the noted symphony conductor, and he has to cup his ear to hear you.

Your barber goes elsewhere to have his hair trimmed.

The renowned surgeon, who comes to your cocktail party for "just one drink" because he has an operation in the morning, is the last to leave, nine drinks later.

The guy who used to date your wife drops around to pick up your daughter.

Caen-fucius Say: People who live in the past without learning from it are an ever-present threat to the future.

Overseas: Donovan McClure, the former S.F. newsman who is now Peace Corps director for Turkey, is being evicted from his hillside apt. overlooking Ankara.

San Francisco still a matriarchal society. Have you ever heard of anybody being invited to a husband-trading party?

Seven will get you 10 that the guy who says he always takes an ice cold shower in the morning will also say he takes only one drink before dinner.

It may be true that it takes two to tango, but how many people do, these days? Ad announcements you will never hear on TV: "We are interrupting this commercial to bring you a program" ... Of course this is

McClure philosophically. "Property values tumble, the neighbors complain, out you go."

The Moving Finger: Newsman Jerry Burns is back from L.A. with the word that if you dial "god damn" which everybody does, you get the dial-a-prayer of the 1st Methodist Church of Hollywood—and who figures these things out, anyway?

Lt. Col. Ed Johnson of the Air Force parked his car near the S.F. waterfront and somebody promptly swiped the uniform lying on the back seat.

He's in recruiting... Everybody knows that the Tenderloin District's femmes-du-pave refer to sailors as "sea food," but it wasn't till we ran into a native who keeps his car to the ground that we learned what they call airmen. "Angel food," naturally.

Husbands are a sorry lot: Kenny Burt laments that it happens to him every Christmas morn, like a recurring nightmare. He hands his wife her gift, she takes one look, stares at him coolly and comments: "I hope you saved the receipt."

But ICH was in a quandary, because he had seven members of the equine family to report instead of six.

But ICH was a stout fellow, if not too bright, so he ups and reports seven horses, let the chips fall where they may.

The chips fell, for sure enough the factory manager wanted to know how come, and ICH then submitted another report on Mushka foaling.

Now ICH has an annual duty to report on his work, just as if he worked in an American city hall, court house, state capitol or federal agency. But ICH was in

replied, doubtless in a new report, and the factory manager was in a quandary of his own, for his factory plan did not provide for seven horses, therefore he was forced to rule that the colt did not exist.

Well, what's so strange? In our own quaint way we have sticky wickets in America. You encounter them daily in government and in the several sub-governments, not necessarily involving the foaling process, but involving other processes. You likewise, alas, encounter them in dealing with big corporations.

There are rules. These are incorporated in instruction books which filter down from the top to the humblest pen-pusher. The rules don't include what to do in case of a foaling, or any other odd event. So when an odd event occurs, as odd events will, the pen-pushers have no ready instructions. They want a report. A file accumulates, read daily by supervisors and sub-supervisors, until it is too dog-eared to read anymore, and is retired to the permanent file.

Some kindly soul somewhere has accepted fate (not mentioned in the United States or state constitutions, either), and you are off the hook. One thing is fairly certain—our colossal societies, drowned in bureaus and rules, whether Soviet or American, are getting too big for their britches.

Johnson seems to tell his tale and create his characters in word-photographs, a strange literary device, but in his hands a successful one. This is a depressing book, which apparently Johnson intended it to be—a portrait of frantic people living under artificial, restrictive conditions, a sick world in a particularly sick time.

Johnson occasionally leaves his action, or double narrative, to look with intensity at the city and its people, including the photographer Diabert, who is concerned about his wrecked sports car as much as he is about the girl, Beate. Or just capsule scenes, which suggest action in a movie that catches people or things in accelerated time, in continuous action and sharp contrasts.

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Actually, it reads less like

Quote Our moral standards will soon protect nothing, demand nothing, consist of nothing.—Terence E. McEhan, San Francisco.

Our only just course in civil rights is to move forward, quietly undoing a wrong that history has kept alive beyond its time.—Tom Miller, Claremont.